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From the K. Scherbocker.

THE POOR LAWYER.

I had taken my breakfast and was waiting for my horse, when passing up and down the piazza, I saw a young girl seated near the window, evidently a visitor. She was very pretty, with auburn hair and blue eyes, and was dressed in white. I had seen nothing of the kind since I had left Richmond, and at that time I was too much of a boy to be struck by female beauty. She was so delicate and dainty looking, so different from the hale, buxom, brown girls of the woods—and then her white dress! It was dazzling! Never was a poor youth so taken by surprise, and suddenly bewitched. My heart yearned to know her, but how was I to access her? I had grown wild in the woods, and had none of the habits of polite life. Had she been like Peggy Pugh, or Sally Piggam, or any other of my leathern dressed belles of the pigeon roost, I should have approached her without dread; nay, had she been as fair as Shurt's daughters with their looking-glass lockets, I should not have hesitated; but that white dress, and those auburn ringlets and blue eyes, and delicate looks, quite daunted while they fascinated me. I don't know what put it into my head, but I thought all at once I would kiss her! It would take a long acquaintance to arrive at such a boon, but I might seize upon it by sheer robbery. Nobody knew me here. I would just step in and snatch a kiss, mount my horse and ride off. She would not be the worse for it; and that kiss—oh, I should die if I did not get it.

I gave no time for the thought to cool, but entered the house and stepped lightly into the room. She was seated with her back to the door, looking out of the window, and did not hear my approach. I tapped her chair, and she turned and looked up. I snatched as sweet a kiss as ever was stolen, and vanished in a twinkling. The next moment I was on horseback, galloping homeward, my very heart tingling at what I had done.

After a variety of amusing adventures, Ringwood attempts the study of the law, in an obscure settlement in Kentucky, where he delves night and day. Ralph pursues his studies, occasionally argues at a debating society, and at length becomes quite a genius, and a favorite in the eyes of the married ladies of the village.

I called to take tea one evening with one of these ladies; when to my surprise and somewhat to my confusion, I found there the identical blue eyed little beauty whom I had so audaciously kissed. I was formally introduced to her, but neither of us betrayed any signs of previous acquaintance except by blushing to the eyes. While tea was getting ready, the lady of the house went out of the room to give some directions and left us alone. Heaven and earth, what a situation! I would have given all the pittance I was worth, to have been in the deepest dell in the forest. I felt the necessity of saying something in excuse for my former rudeness; I could not conjure up an idea, nor utter a word. Every moment matters were growing worse. I felt at one time tempted to do as I had done when I robbed her of the kiss—bolt from the room, and take to flight; but I was chained to the spot, for I really longed to gain her good will.

At length I plucked up courage, on seeing her equally confused with myself, and walking desperately up to her I exclaimed:

"I have been trying to muster up something to say to you, but I cannot. I feel that I am in a horrible scrape. Do you have pity on me and help me out of it!"

A smile dimpled upon her mouth, and played among the blushes of her cheek. She looked up with a shy, but arch glance of the eye, that expressed a volume of comic recollections; we both broke into a laugh, and from that moment all went on well.

Passing the delightful description that succeeded, we proceed to the denouement of Ringwood's love affair—the marriage and settlement.

That very autumn I was admitted to the bar, and a month afterwards was married. We were a young couple, she not above sixteen. I not quite twenty, and both almost without a dollar in the world. The establishment which we set up was suited to our circumstances, a low house with two small rooms, a bed, a table, a half dozen knives and forks, a half dozen of spoons: every thing by half dozen, a little delf ware, every thing in a small way; we were so poor, but then so happy.

We had not been married many days when a court was held in a county town, about twenty-five miles. It was necessary for me to go there, and put myself in the way of business, but how was I to go? I had expended all my means in our establishment, and then it was hard parting with my wife so soon after marriage. However, go I must. Money must be made, or we should have the wolf at the door. I accordingly borrowed a horse, and borrowed a little cash, and rode off from my door, leaving my wife standing at it, and waving her hand after me. Her last look, so sweet and becoming, went to

my heart. I felt as if I could go through fire and water for her. I arrived at the county town on a cool October evening. The inn was crowded, for the court was to commence on the following day.

I knew no one, and wondered how I, a stranger and a mere youngster, was to make my way in such a crowd and get business. The public room was thronged with all the idlers in the county, who gathered together on such occasions. There was some drinking going forward, with a great noise and a little altercation. Just as I entered the room, I saw a rough bully of a fellow, who was partly intoxicated, strike an old man. He came swaggering by me, and elbowed me as he passed. I immediately knocked him down, and kicked him into the street. I needed no better introduction. In a moment I had half a dozen rough shakes of the hand and invitations to drink, and found myself quite a personage in this rough assemblage.

The next morning court opened—I took my seat among the lawyers, but I felt as a mere spectator, not having any idea where business was to come from. In the course of the morning a man was put to the bar, charged with passing counterfeit money, and was asked if he was ready for trial. He answered in the negative. He had been confined in a place where there were no lawyers, and had not had an opportunity of consulting any. He was told to choose counsel from the lawyers present, and be ready for trial on the following day. He looked around the court and selected me. I was thunderstruck! I could not tell why he should make such a choice. I, a beardless youngster, unpracticed at the bar; perfectly unknown. I felt diffident, yet delighted, and could have hugged theascal.

Before leaving the court, he gave me one hundred dollars in a bag, as a retaining fee. I could scarcely believe my senses, it seemed like a dream. The heaviness of the fee spoke but lightly of the man's innocence—but that was no affair of mine. I was to be advocate, not judge or jury. I followed him to the jail, and learned of him all the particulars in the case; from thence I went to the clerk's office, and took minutes of the indictment. I then examined the law on the subject, and prepared my brief in my room. All this occupied me until midnight, when I went to bed and tried to sleep. It was all in vain. Never in my life was I more wide awake. A host of thoughts and fancies kept rushing into my mind; the shower of gold that had so unexpectedly fallen into my lap, the idea of my poor little wife at home, that I was to astonish with my good fortune. But the awful responsibility I had undertaken, to speak for the first time in a strange court, the expectations the culprit had formed of my talents; all these, and a crowd of similar notions, kept whirling through my mind. I tossed about all night, fearing morning would find me exhausted and incompetent—in a word, the day dawned on me, a miserable fellow.

I got up feverish and nervous. I walked out to breakfast, striving to collect my thoughts, and to tranquilize my feelings. It was a bright morning—the air was pure and frosty—I bathed my forehead and my hands in a beautiful running stream, but I could not allay the fever heat that raged within. I returned to breakfast, but could not eat. A single cup of coffee formed my repast. It was time to go to court, and I went there with a throbbing heart. I believe it had not been for the thoughts of my dear little wife in her lonely house, I should have given back to the man his dollars, and relinquished the cause. I took my seat, looking, I am convinced, more like a culprit than the rogue I was to defend.

When the time came for me to speak, my heart died within me. I rose embarrassed and dismayed, and stammered in opening my cause. I went on from bad to worse, and felt as if I was going down. Just then, the public prosecutor, a man of talents, but somewhat rough in his practice, made a sarcastic remark on something I had said. It was like an electric spark, and ran tingling through every vein in my body. In an instant my diffidence was gone. My whole spirit was in arms. I answered with promptness; for I felt the cruelty of such an attack upon a novice in my situation. The public prosecutor made a kind of apology. This, for a man of his redoubtable powers, was a vast concession. I renewed my argument with a fearful growl, carried the cause triumphantly, and the man was acquitted.

This was the making of me. Every body was curious to know who this new lawyer was that had suddenly risen among them, and bearded the Attorney General in the very onset. The story of my debut at the inn on the preceding evening, when I had knocked down a bully and kicked him out of doors, for striking an old man, was circulated with favorable exaggeration. Even my beardless chin and juvenile countenance was in my favor, for the people gave me far more credit than I deserved. The chance business which occurs in our courts came thronging upon me. I was repeatedly employed in other causes, and by Saturday night, when the court closed, I found myself with an hundred and fifty dollars in silver, three hun-

dred dollars in notes, and a horse that I afterwards sold for two hundred dollars more.

Never did a miser gleam more on his money and with more delight. I locked the door of my room, piled the money in a heap upon the table, walked around it, set with my elbow on the table, and my chin upon my hands, and gazed upon it. Was I thinking of the money? No—I was thinking of my little wife and home. Another sleepless night ensued, but what a night of golden fancies and splendid air. As soon as morning dawned, I was up, mounted the borrowed horse with which I had come to court, and led the other which I received as a fee. All the way I was delighting myself with the thoughts of surprise I had in store for my wife: for both of us had expected nothing but that I should spend all the money I had borrowed and return in debt.

"Our meeting was joyous as you may suppose: but I played the part of the Indian hunter, who, when he returns from the chase, never for a time speaks of his success. She had prepared a rustic meal for me, and while it was getting ready, I seated myself at an old fashioned desk in one corner, and began to count over my money and put it away. She came to me before I had finished, and asked me who I had collected the money for.

"For myself, to be sure," replied I with affected coolness; "I made it at court."

She looked at me for a moment in the face incredulously. I tried to keep my countenance and play the Indian, but it would not do. My muscles began to twitch; my feelings all at once gave way, I caught her in my arms, laughed, cried, and danced about the room like a crazy man. From that time forward we never wanted money.

From the Charleston Courier.

A SCENE IN FLORIDA.

I witnessed a scene a few days ago, which, in my humble opinion, puts the story of Damon and Pythias quite in the shade. A party of Indians were recently discovered by some of our troops, who succeeded in capturing three of the warriors; the rest of the party, consisting of three men and several women and children, numbering in all about twenty, fled. The captives were brought to this place, where they were interrogated by the Colonel, during which it was discovered that two of them had been concerned in killing and burning a mail rider, some time in March last. They were told that for this conduct of theirs they would be hung in fifteen days, unless within that time the rest of their people should come in. They were then placed in chains, and were permitted to send out the third man of their party with a talk to bring in the rest of their people, while they themselves were committed to the guard. The man thus sent out returned in five days, bringing with him a warrior by the name of Holati Fixico, and some women and children, among whom were the mother and sister of one of the prisoners, whose name is Talof Hadjo. The scene that followed may be dramatized thus:

Scene, an open court in front of the Commanding Officer's quarters. Indians are discovered seated under the trees, among them, Holati Fixico (Pythias), Talof Hadjo (Damon) in chains, on a bench, his head resting against the trunk of a tree, and looking towards the heavens, with a countenance expressive of resignation; his mother and sister lying upon the grass, at his feet, the mother weeping at the fate which awaits her son. The Colonel, and other officers, are discovered at a little distance from the group of Indians.

Colonel—(to Holati Fixico)—Where are the rest of the people sent for?

Holati—They have separated and cannot be found. Your troops have scattered them, and they have taken different paths.

Colonel—Know you not that unless they are brought in, these men (pointing to the prisoners) will be hung? (A pause, the Indians disconsolate, but apparently resigned.) If I send you out for the people, will you bring them in, in time to save their lives?

Holati—The people have gone off, and I know not where to look for them—like the frightened deer, they fled at the presence of your troops.

Colonel—Indian can find Indian—if they are not here in ten days, these men will surely die!

Holati—The track of the Indian is crossed, his path is hidden, and cannot be traced in ten runs.

Colonel—(to Talof Hadjo)—Have you a wife?

Talof—My wife and child are out with the people. I wish them here that I may take leave of them before I die.

Colonel—Do you love your wife and child?

Talof—The dog is fond of its kind—I love my own blood.

Colonel—Could you find the people that are out?

Talof—They are scattered—and may not be found.

Colonel—Do you desire your freedom?

Talof—I am the people passing to and

fro, and wish to be with them—I am tired of my chains.

Colonel—If I release you, will you bring in the people within the time fixed?

Talof—You would not trust me—yet I would try.

Colonel—If Holati Fixico will not consent to take your chains, and be hung in your place, if you should not return, you may go!—(a long pause) Talof continues throughout the scene with his eyes fixed on the heavens—his mother and sister now cast imploring looks to Holati, who, during the last few questions, has struggled to maintain his composure, evincing by the heaving of his breast and his gaspings, as though the ropes were already about his neck, that he is ill at ease—all eyes are turned to him—he trembles, and with the utmost composure and firmness, replies—

Holati—I have no wife or child, or mother—it is more fit she should live than I—consent to take his chains, and abide his fate—let him go!

Colonel—Be it so—but do not deceive yourselves—so sure as Talof Hadjo brings not in the people within ten days Holati dies the death of a dog!

With the utmost solemnity the two Indians were then taken to the armory, when the chains were transferred to Holati, and in fifteen minutes after, Talof was on his journey. Yesterday a messenger arrived bringing intelligence that Talof was on his way in, with all his people, and might be expected here to-morrow or next day.

There is more truth than poetry in the foregoing, and what make it more remarkable, when compared with the story of Damon and Pythias, is, that, in the one case, a strong and devoted friendship existed between the parties, while in the other there appears no such feeling, but the sacrifice offered by Holati arose from a purely noble and disinterested motive—desire to save the life of one whom he considered of more consequence than himself. Pythias placed the utmost faith in the promise of his friend to return at the time appointed. This poor Indian had no such assurance in him; on the contrary, he knew well it was barely probable that Talof would return with his people in time to save his life.

RULES FOR READING.

By what rules to be guided in the selection of books—upon what system to regulate a course of profitable reading, which shall not be too onerous nor require more time than your other pursuits will allow—are questions, I have no doubt, of interest to many if not all before me. I offer but a brief sketch of my ideas on this subject, which I hope may not be entirely inapplicable.

We notice first the manner of reading.—Read systematically. Your tastes and inclinations, or particular pursuits, will possibly direct your attention to a given subject in preference to others. Examine it systematically. Nothing truly useful and permanent can be acquired without a plan; no one ever became well informed by accident.

Read slowly. It is not the reading of many books that secures knowledge, and much less wisdom, which is a different thing from knowledge. Some are afraid to admit that they have not read the new publications of the day, but it is a pitiful ambition, that of the omnivorous reader, who wishes to be understood as having read every thing, and who to enable him to prove with the appearance of information, skims through this work and that, or hunts through the reviews and gets a second-hand smattering, to secure the praise of being well read.

Read with a fixed effort of attention and thought. "It has been remarked by Haller, that we are deaf while we are yawning; the same act of drowsiness which stretches open our mouths, closes our ears."

Read with the resolution to make what you read your own. Several ways of doing this may be suggested. The most important is that just now considered—a habit of fixed attention and thought. Another is, to write as you read, to make an abstract of your author; and slow as this process may appear, its results are sure and invaluable.

Finally, (as to the manner of reading,) read with the purpose of making yourself self-proficient in some one branch of learning or science. It is well to select a point to be secured, lest the mind be discouraged by the number of books and subjects, and finally (in despair of attaining a high degree of excellence) content itself with listlessly roaming the field, and plucking here and there a pretty flower.

A modest Request.—The Hartford Times states, that at the Anti-Slavery Convention recently held in that city, it was "Resolved, That this Convention respectfully request the President of these United States to emancipate his slaves."

Great Reward.—Messrs. Brown, Brothers & Co., offer a reward of \$10,000 for the apprehension of the pretended John P. Cauldwell, who by forged letters defrauded them of \$25,000.

Debate in the Senate.

SPEECH OF Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, ON THE FISCAL CORPORATION BILL Thursday, September 2.

The bill to establish a Fiscal Corporation being under consideration, and Mr. Archer and Mr. Buchanan having delivered speeches thereon—

Mr. CLAY, of Kentucky, next addressed the Senate. Certainly, said he, nothing was further from my expectations, when I came here to listen to the speech of my worthy friend from Virginia, than to find myself placed in such a situation as to be called on to say one word in relation to this bill. But the Senator from Pennsylvania has indulged himself on this occasion in exercising a talent for wit and humor, at our expense, in which he does not often indulge. Let me, if he will allow me, make a suggestion to him, that his appropriate province is logic, or grave debate, rather than wit. But if I should happen to catch, by contagion, somewhat of the same vein, he will, I am sure, excuse me, and receive it in the same good humor that we have taken what fell from him.

As to the bill before the Senate I have not much to say. There are two great faculties which ordinarily belong to banks; one is to deal in that sort of commercial paper which is called promissory notes, the other to deal in bills of exchange, also an ordinary commercial instrument. By the present bill, the bank which is to be created is deprived of one of these faculties, while the other is left to it; and there is no more danger of abuse in the exercise of the retained faculty by this corporation than in the ordinary banks of the country.

Nor am I very familiar with all the proceedings at the Harrisburg Convention. The honorable Senator seems to think that it contained abolitionists, against whom he appears of late to have taken up a peculiar hostility. I call upon him to name one abolitionist who was a member. I believe there was not one. I defy him to the proof. He says that the gentlemen who composed that assemblage were men of all sorts of political principles; and to some extent that remark is certainly true. But there was one principle which I am very sure was held by none of them: there were none who went for low wages!

[A laugh.] The Senator, however, tells us not only that they held all sorts of principles, but that they were afraid to publish to the world any declaration of their sentiments. Now I believe it is a part of the law of nations that when war is made against pirates, there is no need of the ceremony of any formal previous declaration of war, but it is understood on all hands that you are at liberty to attack them without notice and without ceremony, and cut and slash as hard as you please. But if that same Convention at Harrisburg was such an unprincipled collection of political sectaries—such an omnium gatherum of all kinds and colors, what sort of a party must that have been which could have been so utterly prostrated and put down by such a heterogeneous combination? [A laugh.]

The Senator commenced by saying that, among their other doings, the Whigs "had done for themselves." I beg gentlemen not to lay that flattering unction to their souls. What! the Whigs of this country to be annihilated by any thing which has occurred during this session? Never, never. Their principles are as eternal as truth, and as sure to prevail as is the cause of civil liberty to triumph. It was justly remarked by my friend from Virginia that the restriction of Executive power, say, the royal, the imperial power of setting the will of one man against the united will of an entire people, stood highest on the list of principles avowed by the Whigs during the late memorable contest; and let me tell gentlemen that, if we shall have a shower of vetoes, that principle will still be written in letters of light upon all their banners.

Let the Senator from Pennsylvania and his party war, if they will for Executive supremacy—for the arbitrary principle that the will of one man shall prevail against the will of the whole country. We are willing to go before the People upon that issue; and, if I am not utterly mistaken in the inherent love of liberty by them all, Whigs and Democrats, there will be a general condemnation of such an odious and detestable doctrine. Let the Senator and his friends go to the other wing of the Capitol, and look upon that Macedonian phalanx, standing shield to shield in a compact and impenetrable line, and in defiance of all the difficulties which beset them, maintaining their position unmoved and their front unbroken; for, I will repeat, what I have often said with inexpressible pleasure, never, no, never, was there a House of Representatives more imbued with a lofty and generous spirit of patriotic devotion to liberty and to the discharge of a high public duty. Let them, I say, look on that spectacle, and then ask themselves, How is such a party to be broken down? By whom? By any one man? Where is he? If Napoleon were to rise from the dead, and appear again at the head of all his power, he could not do it. The Senator has prematurely yielded to feelings of exultation. He has stretched out his hand and grasped, not the sceptre, but a fleeting vision. He has cried before he was out of the woods.

An honorable Senator from New Hampshire (Mr. Woodbury) proposed some days ago a resolution of inquiry into certain disturbances which are said to have occurred at the Presidential mansion on the night of the memorable 16th of August last. If any such proceedings did occur, they were certainly very wrong and highly culpable. The Chief Magistrate, whoever he may be, should be treated by every good citizen with all becoming respect, if not for his personal character, on account of the exalted office he holds for and from the People. And I will here say that I read with pleasure the acts and resolutions of an early meeting, promptly held by the orderly and respectable citizens of this metropolis, in reference to and in condemnation of those disturbances. But, if the resolution had been adopted, I had intended to move for the appointment of a select committee, and that the honorable Senator from New Hampshire himself should be placed at the head of it, with a majority of his friends. And I will tell you why, Mr. President. I did hear that about eight or nine o'clock on that same night of the famous 16th of August there was an intrusion on the President's house of the whole Locofoco party in Congress; and I did not know but that the alleged disorders might have grown out of or had some connexion with that fact. [A laugh.] I understand that the whole party were there. No spectacle, I am sure, could have been more supremely amusing and ridiculous. If I could have been in a position in which, without being seen, I could have witnessed that most extraordinary reunion, I should have had an enjoyment which no dramatic performance could communicate. I think that I can now see the principal dramatic personae who figured in the scene. There stood the grave and distinguished Senator from South Carolina—

[Mr. Calhoun here instantly rose, and earnestly insisted on explaining; but Mr. Clay refused to be interrupted so to yield the floor.]

Mr. Clay. There, I say, I can imagine stood the Senator from South Carolina—tall, care-worn, with furrowed brow, haggard, and intensely gazing, looking as if he were dissecting the last and newest abstraction which sprang from metaphysician's brain, and muttering to himself, in half uttered sounds, "This is indeed a real crisis!" [Loud laughter.] Then there was the Senator from Alabama, (Mr. King,) standing upright and gracefully, as if he were ready to scold in the most authoritative manner any question of order or of etiquette that might possibly arise between the high assembled parties on that new and unprecedented occasion. Not far off stood the honorable Senators from Arkansas and from Missouri, (Mr. Sevier and Mr. Benton,) the latter looking at the Senator from South Carolina, with an indignant curl on his lip and scorn in his eye, and pointing his finger with contempt towards that Senator, (Mr. Calhoun,) whilst he said, or rather seemed to say, "He calls himself a statesman! why, he has never produced a decent humbug!" [Shouts of laughter.]

Mr. Benton. The Senator from Missouri was not there.

Mr. Clay. I stand corrected; I was only imagining what you would have said if you had been there. [Renewed laughter.]

Then there stood the Senator from Georgia, (Mr. Calhoun,) conning over in his mind on what point he should make his next attack upon the Senator from Kentucky. [Laughter.] On yonder ottoman reclined the other Senator from Missouri on my left, (Mr. Linn,) indulging, with smiles on his face, in pleasing meditations on the rise, growth and future power of his new colony of Oregon. The honorable Senator from Pennsylvania, (Mr. Buchanan,) I presume, stood forward as spokesman for his whole party; and, although I cannot pretend to imitate his well known eloquence, I beg leave to make an humble essay towards what I presume to have been the kind of speech delivered by him on that august occasion.

"May it please your Excellency: A number of your present political friends, late your political opponents, in company with myself, have come to deposit at your Excellency's feet the evidences of our loyalty and devotion; and they have done me the honor to make me the organ of their sentiments and feelings. We are here more particularly to present to your Excellency our grateful and most cordial congratulations on your rescue of the country from a flagrant and alarming violation of the constitution, by the creation of a Bank of the United States; and also our profound acknowledgments for the veto, by which you have illustrated the wisdom of your Administration, and so greatly honored yourself. And we would dwell particularly on the unanswerable reasons and cogent arguments with which the notification of the act to the Legislature has been accompanied. We had been, ourselves, struggling for days and weeks to arrest the passage of the bill,

and to prevent the creation of the monster to which it gives birth. We had expended all our logic, exerted all our ability, employed all our eloquence, and in spite of all our utmost efforts, the friends of your Excellency in the Senate and House of Representatives proved too strong for us. And we have now come most heartily to thank your Excellency that you have accomplished for us that against your friends which we, with our most strenuous exertions, were unable to achieve."

[Rings of laughter.]

I hope the Senator will view with indulgence this effort to represent him, although I am but too sensible how far it falls short of the merits of the original. At all events he will feel that there is not a greater error than was committed by the biographer of the Intelligence the other day, when he put into my mouth a part of the honorable Senator's speech. [Laughter.] I hope the honorable Senators on the other side of the Chamber will pardon me for having conceived it possible that, amidst the popping of champagne, the intoxication of their joy, the ecstasy of their glorification, they might have been the parties who created a disturbance, of which they never could have been guilty had they waited for their "sober second thoughts." [Laughter, loud and long.]

I have no doubt the very learned Secretary of the Treasury, who conducted that department with such distinguished ability, and such happy results to the country, and who now has such a profound abhorrence of all the taxes on tea and coffee, though, in his own official reports, he so distinctly recommended them, would, if appointed chairman of the committee, have conducted the investigation with that industry which so eminently distinguishes him, and would have favored the Senate with a report, marked with all his accustomed precision and ability, and with the most perfect lucid clearness. [A laugh.]

There is one remark of the Senator from Pennsylvania which demands some notice. My friend from Virginia (Mr. Archer) threw out an intimation that very possibly the Senator from Pennsylvania knew more of the Sentiments and purposes prevailing at the White House than he did. That Senator, in reply, denied that that was not the case, yet, but said that he hoped and expected it soon might be so. Expected? Expected what? That a President of the United States, elected by the Whig party to a different station, and having arrived at the Presidency under circumstances calculated to call forth his most profound gratitude, should abandon the party which elevated him, should commit an act not less than treason, and join that party of which the Senator is a distinguished member, but to which the President has been diametrically opposed? Could that be what the Senator meant? If it was, then I say that the suggestion, the base supposition of such a thing, is in the highest degree injurious to the President. I do not pretend to know what may be in his feelings, but say I am that were I in his situation, and the possibility of such an act of treachery were affirmed of me, the reproach would fill my heart to its inmost recesses with horror and loathing. But the Senator chose to assign the reason why he hoped and expected this. It was that the President differed from his party on almost every one of its great and leading points of policy. Now I intend for a moment to institute a comparison between the differences of the President from the policy and principles of the Locofoco party and his alleged differences from the policy and principles of the Whigs. And first and foremost I will place the act of expending and mutilating the official records of this body. Did the President agree with the Locofocos in regard to that? Again, on the question of executive power and the extent and increase of Executive patronage, does the President agree with the Whigs or those on the other side? For myself, I do not think that, in the impressive words of Mr. Douglass, "the power of the Executive has increased, is increasing, and ought to be diminished." And then on the one term principle, what are the President's opinions? Deeply of all the world know? Has he not put them in writing and delivered, over and over, that no President ought to serve for more than one term? Has he not seen the effect of the opposite practice in leading a Chief Magistrate so to use his power as to secure his re-election to office? And then in regard to the sub-Treasury, what are the President's opinions on that point? Have gentlemen on the other side made up their opinion? Is there to be an accommodation on this point? No, sir, the hope of it is vain. The soil of Virginia is too pure to produce traitors. Shall, indeed, be the number of those who have proved false to their principles and to their party. I knew the father of the President, Judge Tyler, of the General Court in Virginia, and a pious patriot and more honest man never breathed the breath of life; and I am one of those who hold to the safety which flows from honest sectors and the purity of blood.

Gentlemen are exulting over an event which ever can and never will happen. No, gentlemen, the President never will disgrace himself, disgrace his blood, disgrace his State, disgrace his country, disgrace his children, by abandoning his party and joining with you. Never, never. If it were among the possibilities of human turpitude to perpetrate an act like that, I cannot conceive on what principle or for what reason the President could risk upon a deed so atrocious, and deliver himself up to infamy so indelible. Nor do I know which would surmount in baseness, the man who could commit such an act of treason, or the party who would receive and embrace and

adopt one who had thus disgraced himself. No, gentlemen, not never will the President of the United States be guilty of such a crime, and, if he did commit it, the party has too much regard for the opinions of mankind ever to receive and reward him for the deed. Treason, while in progress, is indeed always agreeable to the party or parties to whose benefit it is to incur; but when it has been perpetrated, what does history tell us the fate has been of every traitor? And what ought that fate to be? If there is any thing like agreement between John Tyler and the Locofoco party, it is simply and exclusively on this question of a bank. Or that one point I admit that there is a great and unhappy difference of opinion between him and his political friends; but how can he be possibly go over to the other party, from whom he has always differed on every other point? On all other points—the distribution of the proceeds of the public lands, the bankrupt law, public economy and reform—he agrees with us. Gentlemen chuckle in the confidence he is going to veto this bill. I do not myself think he will. But, even if he does, still I say it is a moral impossibility that there ever can exist so infamous, so unnatural a union, as that between a President who has betrayed one party and the other party directly opposed to him, who must have too much regard to their character and the opinion of mankind to receive and embrace him; if it were possible that he could prove false and faithless to his friends.

I had not the remotest idea when I entered the Senate of saying a word on the present question; but there was a species of unauthorized exultation manifested by the Senator from Pennsylvania which I could not suffer to pass. The gentleman has expressed high hopes, but they are hopes doomed to be disappointed. Fully believing this, and being for myself determined to live and die with the Whig party, I thought it right to say what I have done.

MR. CLAY.

The Whigs of Baltimore, in order to give a due expression to their high sense of the character and services of the Hon. HENRY CLAY, held a meeting for the purpose of making arrangements for his public reception in that city, when on his way to his residence in Kentucky; and appointed a committee to wait upon him with an invitation to a public dinner. To this invitation the following letter of Mr. Clay is a reply.

Washington, 14th September, 1841.

Gentlemen—In the midst of my preparations for my departure to my home, I have received, by the hands of the gentlemen who have done me the honor to wait upon me, your obliging communication bearing date this day, transmitting a resolution adopted at a public meeting held in Baltimore yesterday, by which it is proposed to distinguish my expected visit to that city by signal public demonstrations. I pray you, gentlemen, and those who constituted that meeting, to accept my grateful and respectful acknowledgments for this new and gratifying proof of attachment and confidence. I should embrace, with pleasure, the opportunity of visiting your city, at this time; but as I am by the arduous labors of the Session of Congress just closed, and sharing with the companions of my journey, an eager anxiety to terminate it, without delay, I regret that I must postpone a visit to your city to some future day.

If, gentlemen, all has not been accomplished at the late Session of Congress that the public interest demanded, more, much more, has been effected than I anticipated at its commencement. If we have been greatly disappointed in the failure of repeated attempts to establish a sound currency, regulate exchanges, and separate the Purse from the Sword, what American Citizen, what Whig will, on that account, surrender himself to the sentiments of an ignoble despair? Who will not say that we will persevere, with redoubled courage, until every remaining object of the glorious revolution of November last shall be completely consummated? Shall we be discouraged because one man presumes to set up his individual will against the will of the nation? On the contrary, let us superadd to the previous duties which we lay under to our country, that of plucking from the Constitution this sign of arbitrary power; this odious but obsolete vestige of royal prerogative. Let us, by a suitable amendment to that instrument, declare that the Veto—that parent and fruitful source of all our public ills—shall itself be overruled by majorities in the two Houses of Congress. They would persuade us that it is harmless because its office is preventive or conservative. As if a Nation might not be as much injured by the arrest of the enactment of good laws as by the promulgation of bad ones!

I am, gentlemen, greatly deceived, notwithstanding the astounding developments recently made, if the Whig cause is not stronger than ever it was. Reasoning, as it does, upon truth, sound policy, and enlightened patriotism, its votaries must be false and faithless, if it does not gloriously triumph notwithstanding any temporary disappointments.

Accept, gentlemen, assurances of the high regard and esteem of

Your friend and obedient servant,

H. CLAY.

Messrs. Robert Gilmer, &c. &c.

Redeem time for study. The busiest workman can spare some moments,

From the Baltimore American.

THE NEW CABINET.

The opinions and character of the men whom President Tyler has called around him as advisers have become the subject of universal inquiry and interest. We give such facts with regard to each as are fresh in our memory.

WALTER FORWARD, Secretary of the Treasury.—Mr. Forward is a citizen of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Our first knowledge of him was as a Democratic member of Congress from his District in 1824, and an ardent champion of the American System. He united in the Caudine domination of Mr. Crawford for President, but afterward recanted, when the Jackson whirlwind swept over Pennsylvania, and went with the current. He abandoned Gen. Jackson when it became evident that he was identified with the enemies of the Protection of Home Industry. He has since been mainly out of public life, but known as a National Republican or Clay Whig, in contradistinction from the Anti-Masons, who bear away in his section. In 1836 he was chosen a member of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, and distinguished himself in the deliberations of that body, of which we think he was President. But he has not for many years been active in politics till last season, when he took the stump for Harrison and Tyler in Western Pennsylvania with great efficiency. His high personal character and reputation for independence gave him great weight. When Gen. Harrison became President, he made Mr. F. Marshal for Western Pennsylvania, which he declined, then First Comptroller of the Treasury, which he accepted, and has since discharged the duties of that office. He is well qualified for the station to which he has been called.

AMAZ P. UPSHUR, Secretary of the Navy.—Judge Uphur is a citizen of Northampton county, in Mr. Wise's District. He has been a Delegate in the Legislature, and distinguished himself in the Convention of 1828 which formed the present Constitution of Virginia. We do not remember that he has been in Congress. He is an able and pure man, but an ultra "State Rights" man—in short, a Nullifier. He is now, we believe, a Justice of the High Court of Appeals of Virginia. An Abstractionist of the narrowest faith, he has little or no sympathy with the mass of the Whig party. Mr. Uphur is an intimate personal friend of Mr. Tyler of long standing, and has been the Warwick of the New Cabinet.

HUGH S. LEGARE, Attorney General.—Mr. Legare is a citizen of Charleston, S. C., and we believe a descendant of one of the old French Huguenot families which settled there over a century ago. He became eminent by his writings in the "Southern Review," a Quarterly published in Charleston some years since. He was appointed Charge to Belgium, by Gen. Jackson, being a warm "Union" man, as opposed to Nullification. He returned to Charleston in 1836, and was soon after proposed for Congress and elected, turning out Hon. H. L. Pinckney (Nullifier) on a medley of political and local issues. Mr. L. went to Congress in 1837 as an Administration man, but on the Sub-Treasury being proposed by Mr. Van Buren, he took ground against it in a profound and masterly speech, as also in a powerful "Letter to a Constituent." For his course he was thrown out of Congress at the next election—Charles being the strongest Sub-Treasury city in the Union—but he abandoned nothing of his warfare upon the Sub-Treasury project, speaking luminously at our Conservative State Convention last October, and repeatedly in this city and elsewhere. He recently contributed several masterly articles on classical literature to the New-York Review.

From the New York Weekly Tribune.

Gen. Cass and the Presidency.—The Philadelphia Sentinel of Friday contains a letter from Gen. Cass to the Committee of a political meeting at which he had been named as a candidate for the Presidency.

Gen. Cass expresses himself as indisposed to occupy the position to which he is thus invited. He would prefer not to be a candidate. He does not desire to be President of the United States, and "trusts most sincerely that no circumstance may occur to call him to fill that distinguished station." "I have been," he says, "sufficiently near the depositories of high power, both at home and abroad, to know that its exercise brings with it many troubles and few consolations." The letter expresses many excellent sentiments concerning the propriety of moderation in politics—repudiates ultra measures, and declares the belief that both political parties may be in the main equally honest and strongly solicitous for the best interests of the country.

With regard to being a candidate, however, the substance of the whole matter comes towards the conclusion of the letter. The General says:

"My conviction is, that there is nothing in my present position, nothing in my past career, which should lead to my selection, for such a mark of confidence. My repugnance to the measure is great, almost insurmountable. And there is but one state of things, a state of things as little to be expected as desired, which could induce me to yield to the sacrifice I should be called upon to make, and that is, the general acknowledged opinion of the Republican party, that the use of my name might be necessary upon this occasion, and my nomination, agreeably to the established usage of the party, by a general Convention. In such an event, though I should yield with reluctance, still I should yield; and although my farther

residence abroad will probably under any circumstances be but short, yet were it otherwise, upon the occurrence of such an event, I should consider it my duty to return without delay. Not to take the slightest part in the election, far be such a course from me, but because propriety would forbid me to hold an office under these circumstances, and because every American, whom the confidence of any considerable portion of his fellow citizens might designate for that high station, ought to meet the trial he must undergo in his own country. But when I look to the many able and tried men, whom our party includes in its ranks, I consider such a result scarcely within the limits of possibility.

THE TERROR OF PESTILENCE.

One circumstance, among the many of a touching character, which attend the passage of a mortal epidemic in a city, is thus referred to in the New Orleans Picayune of the 13th instant:

"The Unattended Hearse.—Among the many scenes to be now daily witnessed in this city, which excite our sympathy, awaken our commiseration, or elicit our pity, an unattended hearse, as it bears its lifeless burden to the grave, calls up most quickly, from the recesses of the heart, thoughts shrouded in sorrow, feelings robed in regret.

"When we see that one-horse sombre vehicle driven by, when we observe the indifference with which the black driver hurries along to the grave-yard with his pulseless passenger, when we behold not a soul following after, to perform the last sad rites over departed friendship, or to place upon the most simple mark of recognition over the deceased's grave, we feel that the inhabitant of that rough unornamented coffin died a desolate stranger!

"But we know not how he lived—whether his journey, even from the cradle to the grave, was one continued pilgrimage of privation—whether he was once the inheritor of wealth, the possessor of consequence, surrounded by butterfly friends, who deserted him when the summer of his prosperity passed away—or whether some living wife, affectionate mother, or kind hearted sister, is not anticipating his return to a home long deserted, to friends long estranged, at the very time when his dust is being committed to dust, by a strange hand, in the swamps of New Orleans!

"We never see an unattended funeral but we feel that we float through life on the ocean of uncertainty ourselves; and at such a time we pray Heaven to avert from us a death so disastrous—a grave so gloomy; we pray, if it should not be vouchsafed to us to disengage our kindred, that we may at least be permitted to breathe our last where we are known—among our friends."

The following extract from the New Orleans Bee of the 16th instant, furnishes an appalling account of the progress of the yellow fever in that city:

"It has been our fortune to reside in New Orleans for the last ten years. During this period we have often witnessed the ravages of the fatal epidemic to which our city is unfortunately subject; but we have rarely, if ever, beheld such frightful desolation as its visitation has this season occasioned. In mortality and malignity, in the suddenness of its attack and the indiscriminate ruthlessness with which it prostrates all classes of the non-resident population; in the appalling rapidity with which it has extended from hospital into private practice, it has rarely ever been exceeded. The heart is absolutely sickened, and humanity shudders at the scenes of misery and affliction which this awful scourge has this year produced. The bright, pure and best have fallen victims to the pestilence. It has stricken down many of our most estimable and beloved citizens. Its fury hath fallen on hundreds whom protracted residence and long exemption had appeared to guarantee from its attacks. Men who had passed four, five, or half a dozen consecutive summers in New Orleans, and had escaped unscathed from the visitations of former epidemics, have now sunk beneath its resistless power. It seems to spare none, save natives of Louisiana, and residents who have already passed through its terrible ordeal."

THE CASE OF McLEOD.

Editorial Correspondence of the Tribune.

Utica, Monday, Sept. 27.

The Circuit Court for the Fifth Circuit of this State was to-day opened in the Court House—Justice Gridley of this city presiding, in the absence of Chief Justice Nelson, detained at home (Coopers-town) by protracted indisposition. It was indicated some days since that the Chief Justice might not feel able to attend this Circuit, and that Judge Gridley would undertake the trial at once, as not expecting to try it, he had not prepared himself, and wished time to consult authorities on the important points of international as well as criminal law certain to arise.

Three Judges of the County Court appeared on the bench with Judge Gridley. The Court House was crowded, in good part, with witnesses and persons apparently interested in the trial.

The usual formalities of opening a term of Court, swearing in the Jurors empaneled, &c. having been completed, the first case called was that of *The People of the State of New York vs. Alexander McLeod*, indicted for the Wilful Murder of Anna Duffee, at Fort Schlosser, in the county of Niagara, in December, 1837.

Mr. Willis Hall, Attorney General, responded on behalf of the People. He handed to the Court a list of witnesses summoned on behalf of the People, which

was called over by the clerk. A portion only answered to their names.

The Court inquired when the case would be ready for trial. The Attorney General replied that the case on behalf of the People was ready now. He moved that the trial proceed.

Mr. J. A. Spencer, of Counsel for the prisoner, submitted his reasons for opposing the motion. His associates (Judge Gardner of Rochester and Mr. Bradley of Lockport) were both still absent in Canada collecting testimony. He expected their return daily, but was not ready to proceed without them. Unexpected difficulties had been encountered in the obtaining of testimony. The witnesses had since 1837 become scattered over all British North America, from Lake St. Clair to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Many of them had been found and their testimony taken, (of which three large packages were produced in Court) but others whose evidence was important had not yet responded. He could not feel justified in going to trial in this state of the case, and he moved that the trial be set down for Monday next, (October 4th), which was the earliest day that he could feel certain of being ready.

Mr. Hall felt bound to oppose so long a postponement. He would do nothing to deprive the prisoner of a fair trial; but ample time had been allowed for preparation. The opposing counsel were well aware that the trial came on at this time; while a great number of witnesses for the People had been at much expense, summoned a great distance from their homes, and were now in attendance. They could not be detained here a whole week beyond the time necessarily employed in the trial but at great inconvenience and hardship to them.

Judge Gridley reserved the question for the present, but with the right to the Attorney General to renew his motion on a later day of this week, should he think proper to do so. He then made a brief and appropriate address to the Jurors empaneled, reminding them of the great responsibility resting on them, of their sworn duty to avoid all grounds of bias or prejudice on the question which a portion of them would be called to decide, to repel all attempts to influence them by rumors and indirect approaches as well as otherwise. He directed them, should any attempt be made so to approach one or more of them, to give information to the Court, by whom the offence would be promptly dealt with.

The case was then dropped, and the Court proceeded to the trial of civil cases.

I have already heard enough to convince me that there will be some hard swearing and most amazing contradictions of evidence on this trial. It will be sworn point blank by persons who profess to have been engaged in the attack on the Caroline, not only that this veritable Alexander McLeod was actively engaged in that enterprise, but that he ordered a man to fire at Duffee on the American shore, and that on the man refusing, he (Mac) seized the gun from the soldier's hands, and shot Duffee dead! This is but an item; and the evidence will be equally positive and particular on the other side.

We do not doubt there will be awfully hard swearing—but rigorous cross examination cannot fail, we apprehend, to expose it; and justice will not, we trust, be slow to punish it.

THE PRESIDENT'S PROCLAMATION.—On publishing this document, issued for the suppression of unlawful associations on our northwestern border, the New York Express makes the following observations:

The above Proclamation appears, we are sorry to say, not without good and sufficient cause. Information has come to the knowledge of others than the President, of the organization of bands of men, for the purpose of aiding and bringing about another revolution in Canada. The design has been made obvious by recent events along our border. The Troy Whig supposes this armed force to consist of several thousand men, organized within the state New York, for the purpose of co-operating with the Canadian Patriots, as they are called, in another attempt at revolt. The Editor says he is informed on good authority that the organization of these men with in our own territory was never so complete as at present; and that it comprises a body of fifty or sixty thousand persons, who are ready to march at a moment's warning across the frontier, and to carry fire and sword into the heart of the Canada.

The United States Government is now, it seems, aware of this alarming state of affairs; but whether Gen. Scott, in his recent visit to Buffalo and Detroit, succeeded in discovering what was actually going on in the vicinity of those places, we have not learned. It is very evident to observing men who reside near the Canada frontier, the Whig remarks, that unusual preparations have been making for some time past among those who are friendly to the cause of the Patriots, and the most disastrous consequences are apprehended, unless their conspiracy against a nation with whom we are at peace is broken up in time. The recent robberies of powder and arms were doubtless committed by persons in the employment of the conspirators, and similar seizures will be attempted by them hereafter, from time to time.

It is necessary for the Government to protect itself, as proposed in the Proclamation of the President. A border war, which would lead to a national war, would be the consequence of aggression. It becomes every good citizen, therefore, to keep the peace.

It is supposed that the manner in which

the Patriots will conduct their attack upon the Canada will be probably to cross the line in the night, commit whatever depredations they can, and retreat, when discovered, into our territory. A series of such acts will of course bring down upon us the whole British force now stationed in Canada. That force numbers already some twenty thousand troops, and it is worse than useless for the disaffected spirits there or here to attempt another revolution.

These are, besides, matters of a serious character to arise between this Government and England, and, unfortunately, they are added to every day, rather than diminished. The McLeod trial comes on this week, and a new question unfortunately is raised by the arrest of Grigan.

OFFICIAL.

To the Hon. S. R. Hobbie, Acting Postmaster General.

Sir: Information having been received in a form entitled to attention that the Postmaster at _____, Pennsylvania, and _____, Ohio, have so far neglected the obligations which they implicitly assumed on taking office under my Administration, of abstaining from any active partisanship, or in any way connecting their offices with party politics, or using them for party purposes, I have to request that inquiries shall be instantly instituted into their conduct, and that if the charges against them be found to be true, they be immediately turned out of office, and citizens appointed in their places who will otherwise conduct themselves. The Post Office Department, in all its operations, should be conducted for the single purpose of accomplishing the important objects for which it was established. It should in an especial manner, so far as is practicable, be disconnected from party politics. To convert it into an engine of party, to be used for party purposes, is to make it the fruitful source of the most alarming evils. Ramified as it is, and extended to every neighborhood, the purity of its administration, and necessity of its agents, should be particularly guarded. For a Deputy Postmaster to use the franking privilege (a privilege bestowed upon him for the sole purpose of exonerating him from oppressive charges in the necessary correspondence of his office) in scattering over the country pamphlets, newspapers, and proceedings to influence elections, is to outrage all propriety, and must not for a day be tolerated. Let this be left to the politicians. I should be happy if one or two examples shall be found sufficient to correct an evil which has so extensively prevailed.

I will take this occasion, also, to add for your instruction, that the appointment to, and continuance in the office of postmaster of any one editing a political newspaper is in the highest degree objectionable. It involves most of the consequences above stated—introduces politics into the post office—diminishes the revenue—and confers privileges on one editor which all cannot enjoy. In a word, it is my fixed purpose, as far as in me lies, to separate the Post Office Department from politics, and bring about that reform which the country has so loudly demanded.

JHON TYLER.

September 21, 1841.

Dreadful Accident.—M. Narcisse Benoit, a respectable farmer in St. Gregoire, opposite Three Rivers, left home with his wife to visit a brother-in-law in St. Denis, of the name of McDonald, who with his wife accompanied them to Ronville Mountain to view the splendid scenery of the neighborhood. The two women, while their husbands were tying up their horses, went into one of the mills belonging to the Hon. H. D. Ronville. The miller having agreed to show them the mill, they ascended to the upper story below him. He lost sight of them for a minute, and was looking for them, when he heard a terrific scream from a small room, in which was enclosed a portion of the machinery, and into which strangers very seldom entered. He rushed into the room, and, to his astonishment and horror, found both sisters entangled in the machinery. Catching hold of one, he endeavored to pull her out; but, to save himself, was compelled to let go. Mrs. McDonald was drawn through a space less than six inches, every bone in her body being crushed. Mrs. Benoit was also so mangled that she died instantaneously. Mrs. B. leaves six children, the oldest under eleven years; and Mrs. McDonald leaves seven, of whom the oldest is not fifteen; and each of them an infant. A coroner was soon after sent for. The grief and despair of the husbands can scarcely be imagined.

Montreal Herald.

A letter in the Baltimore Patriot from Enslant, (near the Philadelphia G. zone) and who had opportunity for thorough observation, gives a distressing picture of the state of things in the manufacturing towns of that country. "Hundreds of people destitute of employment and of bread for their families, may be seen pining the streets in tears, and in squalid, helpless poverty."



THE EARLY DEAD.

ADDRESS TO A BROTHER IN AFFECTION.

Oro supplex et aerling
Cor contritum, quasi cinis
Gere curam mei finis.

There's a sound of mourning, brother,
Where sweet peace was wont to reign;
Oar was called, and then another—
Death came once, and came again:
Sails, in the dreamless slumber
Of the quiet grave, they fell;
Darkly, with the countless number
Of the silent dead, they dwell.

We have sorrow'd with thee, brother,
For the loved, the lost, the dead;
It is well; we would not smother
Grief so pure, so hallowed;
It is good to weep, when sadness
Brings its own most precious balm;
Grief resign'd, and tearful gladness,
Hope amidst mourning, bright and calm.

They are gone to heaven, brother;
Christian father, dry your tears;
They were Christ's, O Christian mother!
Christ's alone from earliest years—
His by word and sign baptismal,
His by grace his baptism gives,
From earth's deserts, cold and dismal,
He has taken them to heaven.

In the verdant spring time, brother,
In the holy weeks of Lent,
To one bright one, and another,
Was the Saviour's summons sent.
From the sunshine and the flowers,
From the vigil fast and prayer,
They are gone to fadeless bowers,
Free, for aye, from sin and care.

We shall meet them there, my brother;
Christian father, dry your tears;
They were Christ's, O Christian mother,
Christ's alone from earliest years,
To the father-land above us,
He has call'd them—weep no more;
Think ye that our children love us
Less because their pains are o'er?
Easter Even, 1841.

From the London Christian Guardian.

Effects of Faithful Reproof.

In the autumn of 1839, I met with an accident of so serious a nature, that, had not surgical assistance been rendered almost instantaneously, I should not have lived an hour. This happened on a Sabbath morning. When the necessary operation had been performed, and I was able to speak, my first exclamation was, "Doctor, I thought I was off!"—which I accompanied with an oath.

The worthy surgeon, who was a very young man, replied, "You were indeed nearly off this world's stage; but may I not take the liberty of asking you, were you prepared to meet that great being whose name you so lightly treated?"

I cannot express the confusion I felt at this mented reproof, any more than the astonishment it occasioned. I confessed that I feared that I was not in a state to meet my Maker in judgment.

"Pardon my observation, sir," said he; "you may perhaps think that I am stepping out of my province, in interposing in spiritual matters; but, sir, I should consider myself an unworthy member of the mystical body of our Lord Jesus Christ, if I suffered you, or any one I may be called upon to attend, to imagine that I felt any thing short of deep sorrow when I hear the name of my Maker irreverently treated."

I apologized for my unbecoming levity, assuring him that I used the expression most unthinkingly, and with no intention of disrespect to my Creator.

"Bless me, my dear sir," he replied, "do not accuse you of any intentional disrespect to your Creator, much less to me; but allow me to observe, that I should have thought that the most natural sentiment of your heart would have been, to have returned your sincere thanks to God for your preservation; for no man was ever nearer to death, that did not die. I was merely the instrument of rescuing you from so sudden an end—the success of my endeavors belonged to God; and to him are your praises and thanksgivings due. May I request you to consider seriously the events of the last hour? Think that in that short period of time, you were perfectly well, and on the verge of eternity, and again restored; think what might have been your fate, had it pleased the great Disposer of events to have called you into his presence. I will say no more at present, as I am sure, when you reflect on these matters, you will not wonder at my rebuke."

Lady Blessington visited the Luntio Asylum at Aversa, near Naples, and she gives some striking sketches of the inmates. The following account of a religious maniac cannot be read without exciting a melancholy interest.

"I turned away, to pause at the open cell of a Priest, who was prostrate before a wooden cross of his own manufacture. The crown of his head was shorn, but long locks of ebony hair fell from the sides of it, and mingled with his beard of the same venerable color, which reached to the very crown of his head. His face was pale as death, his eyes, which were raised to the cross, were filled with tears, which chased each other down his aged cheeks. He was not sensible that persons were around him, and he prayed with a fervor truly edifying; the words of the prayer breathing the very

soul of pious Christian resignation, and adoration of the Deity. Never was a more touching picture presented to me. I could have fancied it the original of one of those fine pictures of Correggio or Rembrandt, but the deep intonations of his voice, and the fervent devotion which it expressed, gave a sublimity to this living picture, that no painting ever possessed. The Superintendent told us that for twenty years this Priest had not ceased to pray with a similar fervor to that which we witnessed, during all the hours of the day. Says when he hastily swallowed some bread and water, the only food he would touch. Sleep never stole on him till he was exhausted by abstinence and fatigue; but even in sleep he continued to ejaculate prayers, mingled with sighs and groans.

In the times of the primitive Christians, this man would have been deemed a model of holiness, and after death would have been canonized as a saint. A deep and never-ceasing sense of self-unworthiness, a contrite spirit, and all-engrossing adoration of the Creator, were so far from being then considered as proofs of an aberration of reason, that they were regarded as the most convincing ones of a more than ordinary possession of it. Yet these are the only symptoms of insanity attributed to this priest; and from them, in our days of civilization and mundane occupation, he is declared to be insane. The earnestness of his prayers, his total abstinence from worldly concerns, and his life of sanctity in the midst of the herd of maniacs with whom he was surrounded, with but not of them, reminded me of some pure stream, gliding through a turbulent river, without mingling its clear water with the turbid waves."

Strange Illusions.—In 1834, Maria Pau was admitted into the hospital at Bordeaux, her left hand and arm covered with deep and bleeding gashes, its tendons projecting, and the bones broken! She had, in her sleep, gone into a loft to cut wood with a hedging bill. Thinking she was cutting the wood, she had hacked her forearm and hand, until she fainted away, and fell bathed in her blood. She had felt no pain, but merely had a sensation as if the parts were pricked with pins. From Marcus Donatus we read the following case of still more melancholy interest: Vicentinus believed himself too large to pass one of his doorways. To dispel this illusion, it was resolved by his physician that he should be dragged through this aperture by force. This erroneous dictate was obeyed; but as he was forced along Vicentinus screamed out in agony, that his limbs were fractured, and the flesh torn from the bones. In this dreadful delusion, with terrific imprecations against his murderers, he died.

Daddy's Philosophy of Mystery.

Female Resolution.—A remarkable instance of female resolution has recently been reported in Spain. All the world over the sex are alike, and not easily swayed from their determination. It is said that a Justice of the peace while proceeding to put the seals on the goods of a deceased lady as a protection to the interest of an only daughter, said to be insane, was much surprised by the sudden appearance of this daughter, who declared that she opposed the seals being put on, intending not to be charged with the expenses of the operation, adding "I am not mad, as has been reported; two and twenty years ago, my mother prevented me from marrying according to my liking, and locked me up in a room; I then made a vow, never to speak to any one again, as long as my mother should live. I have kept it, and here I am to look after my own concerns." The lady continues the account from which we quote—appears in no way affected mentally by her long confinement, but her person is much altered, and she is now in her 40th year.

A Definition?—Children are inquisitive bodies—for instance: "What does cleave mean, Pa?" "It means to unite together." "Does John unite wood, when he cleaves it?" "Hem, well, it means to separate." "Well, Pa, does a man separate from his wife, when he cleaves to her?" "Hem, hem, don't ask so many foolish questions, child!"

750 PACKAGES OF STAPLE AND FANCY DRY GOODS.

Edwin James & Co. PETERSBURG, VA.

ARE now receiving by the late arrivals, their supply of

FALL AND WINTER Staple & Fancy Dry Goods,

which have been selected with great care, bought at very low prices, and have for sale about SEVEN HUNDRED & FIFTY PACKAGES, which they intend to offer by the piece or package, at such prices as cannot fail to give entire satisfaction; and they solicit and invite examination of all who are disposed to encourage the EFFORT to establish another Wholesale Jobbing House in this place. They are now making very large additions to their Store and Sales Room; and by the 6th of September, their entire stock will be opened and ready for the inspection of customers, friends, and the public generally. Additional supplies will be received throughout the season, such as the demand may dictate.

On hand a large assortment of Anchor Brand BOILING CLOTHS, from No 1 to 10, including all of the square mesh approved quality.

Petersburg, Va. August 28. 91-2w

To Waggoners.

WAGGONERS going to Milton, N. C., and wanting loading, will please apply to the editor of the Recorder, September 27.

Chairs! Chairs!

THE subscribers have on hand one dozen of RUSH BOTTOM MAPLE CHAIRS, which they will sell cheap for Cash, or on a short credit. Call and see.

PARKER & NELSON.

September 23. 91-

Dr. Sherman's Medicated Lozenges.

SHERMAN'S COUGH LOZENGES.
ARE the safest, most sure and efficient remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption, Whooping Cough, Asthma, Tightness of the Lungs or Chest, &c. The proprietor has never known an instance where they did not give perfect satisfaction.

Good News for Children.

SHERMAN'S WORM LOZENGES.
Are the greatest discovery ever made, for dispelling the various kinds of worms, that so frequently and distressingly annoy both children and adults. They are an infallible remedy, and so pleasant to the taste, that children will take them as readily as a common peppermint Lozenge. Many diseases arise from worms, without its being suspected. Sometimes a very troublesome cough, pains in the joints or limbs, bleeding at the nose, &c., are occasioned by worms, and will be easily cured by using this celebrated medicine. The following symptoms indicate the presence of worms, viz: headache, vertigo, torpor, disturbed dreams, sleep broken off by fright and screaming, convulsions, feverishness, thirst, pallid hue, bad taste in the mouth, offensive breath, cough, difficult breathing, itching at the nose, pains in the stomach, nausea, squeamishness, voracity, flatulency, tenesmus, itching at the anus towards night and at length feelings of filth and nausea. One is a cure for a child two years old—two for one four years—three for eight years—and five for an adult, and should be repeated every morning, or every other morning until relieved.

SHERMAN'S CAMPHOR LOZENGES.

These are a very pleasant, agreeable and efficacious article; an unfailing remedy for hiccups, nervous or sick headache, inflammation of the throat, as well as all other complaints where the camphor is recommended.

The above medicines are for sale by A. PARKS, Agent.

September 15. 90-

Piano Forte & Music STORE,

Petersburg, Va.

CHAS. BERG & CO. have received during the present week TEN PIANO FORTES, among which is a six and a half Octave Piano Forte, a very superior one to any ever seen here. They have now on hand a very large stock, and would respectfully request those Ladies and Gentlemen of Hillsborough and Environs who are in want of Pianos, to call and see them and try them; and they will be convinced of their superiority to any other manufacture. We will give a written warranty as to their durability and keeping in tune longer than any other.

They have also on hand a large assortment of MUSIC of the latest publication for Piano and Guitar, Strings of all sorts, best Violins, Flutes, Accordeons, all kinds of Brass instruments for Military Bands, Drums of all sizes, &c. &c.

C. Berg & Co. would respectfully recommend their assortment of Pianos and Music to Principals and Teachers of Schools. Any order shall be faithfully and promptly attended to.

For the convenience of purchasers in North Carolina, Doctor Watson of Oxford, having kindly consented to act as our Agent, has now on hand some of our instruments. We shall shortly establish agencies in other parts of North Carolina, knowing that whenever our Pianos become known they will be preferred to any other.

July 14. 89-

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers have received and offer for sale at their Store House, one mile north of Cross Roads Meeting House, a fresh and desirable stock of Seasonable Goods, consisting in part of the following articles: Common and Fine Blue Cloths, Invisible Green do, Cassimeres and Satinets, Black Silk and Satin Vestings, Marcellines do, French, London and Furniture Prints, Black Silks and Printed Mullin, Gauze Scarfs and Handkerchiefs, Stockinet Drilling and Gambroon, Fashionable Bonnets and Wreaths, Plain, Figured, Swiss and Chequered Muslin, Ribbons, Edgings and Brown Linen, Linen Bosoms and Collars, Oil Cloths, Hardware, Cullery, Crockery and Tin Ware, Paints, Nails and Iron, Lead and Brown Sugar.

SADDLERY—Bridle bits, Buckles,

Plush, Webbing, Tress and Morocco Skins, HATS—Beaver, Brush, Russia, Mole-skin and Palm leaf Hats.

Ladies' fine Kid Slippers, and Men's Pumps and Shoes.

500 pounds Canton Yarn.

Books, Paper, and Paper Prints, Mayland's Scotch Snuff.

Manufactured Tobacco and Cigars, Fancy and Bar Soap,

and many other articles.

ELI MURRAY & CO.

May 5. 71-5m

Corn! Corn! Corn!

THE subscriber wishes to purchase FIVE HUNDRED BARRELS OF CORN.

J. S. SMITH.

January 13. 85-

STATE OF NORTH-CAROLINA.

Orange County.

Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions, August Term, 1841.

Gabriel B. Lee vs. Nathaniel B. Stewart.

IT appearing to the satisfaction of the Court that the defendant in this case has left the country; it is therefore ordered that publication be made in the Hillsborough Recorder for four weeks successively, notifying the said defendant that the plaintiff has levied on his interest in the lands of Charles Stewart, deceased, adjoining the lands of Alfred Compton and others, and that application will be made at the next term of this Court for an order of sale.

JOHN TAYLOR, Clerk.

Price adv \$1 00 92-5w

NEW GOODS.

THE subscribers beg leave to inform their friends and the public generally, that they are just receiving from the Northern Markets

a neat and well-selected Stock of SPRING GOODS,

bought entirely for cash, and will be sold exceedingly low for cash or on a short credit to punctual dealers.

Persons wishing to purchase, would do well to call and see before they buy elsewhere.

MEBANE & TURNER.

May 11. 72-

Commission Business.

THE subscriber having located himself in the town of Petersburg, for the purpose of conducting the Receiving, Forwarding, and Commission Business, takes this method of giving his services to his friends and the public generally. He will attend to the sale of any kind of produce sent to his care.

WALKER A. CAMERON.

REFERENCES.

Dunn, McIlwaine & Brownley } Petersburg.

Paul, McIlwaine & Co., } Hillsborough, N. C.

Parrott & Lee, } Halifax Co., N. C.

Col. Caldwell & Jones } August 26. 83-4w

James Webb, Jr. & Co., } August 26.

Benjamin Edmunds, } August 26.

Dr. Charles Skinner, } August 26.

Received this Day,

and for Sale,

COFFEE, Sugar, Imperial and Hyson

Teas, Mustard, Sal Aratus, Copers,

Indigo, Honey-dew Tobacco, Candles,

Cotton Cards, best quality, Bed Cord,

Plough lines, Window Glass, Powder,

Shot, Nails, Ginger, Soap, Blacking, &c.

JAMES WEBB, JR. & CO.

June 16. 77-

BOOTS, SHOES, &c.

for the Spring and Summer.

THE subscriber would respectfully inform his friends and the public generally, that he has just received the largest assortment of articles in his line of business, perhaps ever before brought to this market; and as they have been entirely selected by the subscriber, with an eye to their neatness and durability, he thinks he can give satisfaction to all who may patronize him. The articles have been purchased on very reasonable terms and will be sold cheap. He invites his friends to call and examine his assortment before purchasing elsewhere. The following are comprised in his assortment, suitable for the Spring and Summer:

Gentlemen's Boots, first quality.

Do. second do.

Do. Shoes, first quality.

Do. second do.

Do. third do.

Do. Pumps—various qualities.

Do. Gaiter Shoes, &c.

Do. Pump Shoes, &c.

Do. Slippers.

Boys' Shoes—various qualities.

Do. Pumps and Slippers.

Ladies' Philadelphia black Kid Slippers.

Do. do. colored do.

Do. Morocco Slippers—thick & thin soled.

Do. Seal-skin Shoes and Slippers.

Do. Leather Shoes and Slippers.

Misses' Philadelphia Morocco Slippers—thick and thin soled.

Do. Colored Slippers—various patterns and qualities.

Do. Morocco and Leather Shorters.

Do. Low Shoes.

Children's Shoes, of almost every size and quality.

In addition to the above, he has received from the North his materials for manufacturing; and having first rate workmen in his employ, is prepared to execute all orders in his line with neatness and dispatch.

The subscriber would respectfully return his thanks to the public for the very liberal patronage he has received at their hands; and promises that no pains will be spared in the future to give satisfaction.

WM. H. BROWN.

April 29. 70-

FRESH FRUITS,

Confectionaries, &c.

MRS. VASSEUR takes pleasure in announcing to the public, that she has just received a fresh supply of Fruits, Confectionaries, &c., and is now able to furnish at most any thing that may be wanted in her line of business. They consist principally of the following articles:

Oranges, Lemons, Raisins, Prunes, Figs, Currants and Dates.

Almonds, Walnuts, Brazil Nuts, Soda Crackers, Butter Crackers, Water Crackers, Sugar Crackers.

Lemon Syrup and Lime Juice.

Preserved Ginger, Preserved Pine Apples, Preserved Cherries, Sardines.

A general assortment of Candies, Fudge Paste, excellent for colds.

Cologne, Bears Oil, French Pomatum, Balm of Columbia, almost approved article for the hair.

Cheering Tobacco, Cigars, Smoking Tobacco, Matches.

A handsome assortment of Toys.

A few dozen of Corn Brooms, and a few Children's Carriages—sold very cheap.

April 27. 70-

Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicine.

THESE Medicines are indicated for their action in restoring the system, in purifying the springs and channels of life, and ending them with renewed tone and vigor. In many hundred certified cases which have been made public, and in almost every species of disease to which the human frame is liable, the happy effects of MOFFAT'S LIFE PILLS and PHENIX BITTERS have been gratefully and publicly acknowledged by the persons benefited, and who were previously unacquainted with the beautifully philosophical principles upon which they are compounded, and upon which they consequently act.

The LIFE MEDICINES recommend themselves in diseases of every form and description. Their first operation is to loosen the various impurities and crudities constantly settling around them, and to remove the hardened masses which collect in the convolutions of the small intestines. Other medicines only partially cleanse these, and leave such collected masses behind as to produce habitual constiveness, with all its train of evils, or sudden diarrhoea, with its imminent dangers. The fact is well known to all regular anatomists, who examine the human bowels after death, and hence the prejudice of these well informed men against such medicines, as medicines prepared and heralded to the public by ignorant persons.

The second effect of the Life Medicines is to cleanse the kidneys and the bladder, and by this means the liver and the lungs, the healthful action of which entirely depends upon the regularity of the urinary organs. The blood, which takes its red color from the agency of the liver and the lungs before it passes into the heart, being thus purified by them, and nourished by food coming from a clean stomach, courses freely through the veins, and every part of the system, and triumphantly mounts the banner of health in the blooming cheek.

Moffat's Vegetable Life Medicines have been thoroughly tested, and pronounced a sovereign remedy for Dyspepsia, Flatulency, Palpitation of the Heart, Loss of Appetite, Heartburn and Headache, Restlessness, Ill temper, Anxiety, Langour and Melancholy, Constiveness, Diarrhoea, Cholera, Fevers of all kinds, Rheumatism, Gout, Dropsies of all kinds, Gravel, Worms, Asthma and Consumption, Scurvy, Ulcers, inveterate Sores, Scorbatic Eruptions, and Red Complexions, Eruptive complaints, Sallow, Cloudy and other disagreeable Complexions, Erysipelas, Salt Rheum, Common Colds and Influenza, and various other complaints which afflict the human frame. In Fever and Ague, particularly, the Life Medicines have been most eminently successful; so much so that in the Fever and Ague districts Physicians almost universally prescribe them.

All that Mr. Moffat requires of his patients is to be particular in taking the Life Medicines strictly according to the directions. It is not by a newspaper notice, or by any thing that he himself may say in his favor, that he hopes to gain credit. It is alone by the results of a fair trial.

Moffat's Medical Manual;

designed as a Domestic Guide to Health.

This little pamphlet, edited by Wm. B. Moffat, 375 Broadway, New York, has been published for the purpose of explaining more fully Mr. Moffat's theory of diseases, and will be found highly interesting to persons seeking health. It treats upon prevalent diseases, and the causes thereof. Price 25 cents. For sale by Moffat's agents generally.

These valuable Medicines are for sale at the Office of the Hillsborough Recorder.

D. HEARTT, Agent.

May 30. 72-

NEW GOODS.

VERY CHEAP!!

WE are now receiving from New York and Philadelphia, a handsome assortment of

Spring and Summer GOODS,

which have been bought cheap, and will be sold cheap.

This purchase was not made by order, but by one of the subscribers; we therefore think we are able to show a stock that must please our friends and customers wishing to treat themselves to a Summer supply.

OUR STOCK COMPRISES,

Superior wool-dyed Black CLOTHS,

Do. do. Blue do.

Do. do. Invisible Green, do.

Black Lams.

Do. Drop Dots, } SUMMER CLOTHS.

Do. Ermine, }

Fancy Cassimeres, Satinets,

Cadet Jans, Kentucky Jans,

Silk, Satin, Cashmere, } VESTINGS.

and Marcellines, }

Printed Lawn, Jackson and French Muslin,

Chalays, plain and striped Gingham,

Figured, striped and plain Light Silks,

Black and blue-black Bombazines,

French, English and American Prints,

Plain and Chequered Muslin.

Long Lawn, Hem stitch and Linen Cambric Handkerchiefs.

Danask and Bird-eye Diaper.

Irish and Brown Linens.

Brown Holland, and Linen Drillings.

Georgia Nankin, Cadet Cassimeres.

Worked Collars, Edgings and Insertings.

Florence and Straw Braided Bonnets.

Hoods, Flowers, Bonnet Ribbons, &c.

Also,

Beaver Fur, Brush, Leghorn and Palm leaf HATS.

Gentlemen's Shoes, Boots, Pumps and Slippers.

Ladies' Black and Colored Slippers.

Turkey Bed and Cotton Yarn.

Glass, Queensware, Crockery, and Stone Ware.

Hardware and Cutlery.

Chocolate, Mace, Cloves.

Molasses, Lost and Brown Sugar.

Black and Green Teas.

Powder, Shot, Nails, Window Glass,

White Lead and other Paints, &c. &c.

PARKER & NELSON.

April 28. 70-

BLANKS for sale at this Office

Stray.

FOUND from the subscribers, a small FLY, about two years old. There are a few white hairs on its back, and a few white hairs on its tail. I will give a reasonable satisfaction to any person who will give me such information that I may obtain her. Direct to Hillsborough Post Office, Orange county.

JAMES WALKER.

September 24. 91-

Just Received and for Sale,

A QUANTITY of Liverpool and Glasgow Alum SALT, by the sack or barrel.

PARKER & NELSON.

September 7. 80-